

DISCOVERS TRAIL DEAD 2,000 YEARS

Sir Aurel Stein Finds Copper
Coins and Writing of Pre-
Christian Era.

IN CHINESE TURKESTAN

Special Correspondence to THE SUN.
LONDON, June 15.—Sir Aurel Stein, the explorer, has returned to England after a journey of two and a half years through the eastern Turkestan, western China, the Pamirs, Russian Turkestan and along the Perso-Afghan border. The trip was undertaken by order of the government of India and included the crossing of the Hindu Kush never before visited by Europeans.

Describing the work of the expedition, the Daily Chronicle says:

"The visit was made possible by the chance that Paktun, a man who had carved out for himself a new kingdom there, was then endeavoring to consolidate it by getting into friendly relations with the government. This was on ground of historical importance in ancient times, which had been visited by the old Buddhist pilgrims from China. After crossing into Chinese Turkestan, Sir Aurel made his way as rapidly as possible toward the desert route the dried up Lob Nor (Lake Lop), visiting on his way a number of old sites in the Taklamakan desert. He discovered many ancient writings on wood and in an early Indian language dating from the third century A. D.

Among other discoveries at the same desert site was a large ancient orchard, still showing with uncanny clearness the elaborate arrangement of fruit trees and vines carried over trellis, and the settlement had been abandoned close on seventeen hundred years ago, and the river which once carried water to it now lies itself in the sand at a very great distance.

On a Waterless Trail.

"The explorer followed up through the Lop desert the earliest route by which the Chinese carried trade and influence into Central Asia from the end of the second century before Christ.

"For over twenty centuries the route was now quite waterless, a terrible wilderness of salt and wind and eroded clay, and ice sufficient to assure at least one month's supply of water for the party (which, including excavation laborers, counted thirty-five people) had to be carried. Perhaps his most important discovery was the tracing of the ancient route and of the numerous ruins along that part of it which lay through a dried up ancient delta.

"It was by this route that the ancient Chinese conveyed all their silk to Central Asia and the far off Mediterranean. The numerous pieces of exquisite Chinese silks and brocades found in the cemeteries will open up a new chapter in the history of textile art.

"In that part of the desert which was waterless in ancient times for a distance of some 150 miles, Sir Aurel was able with accuracy to trace the route of the ancient caravans by finds of coins and other small objects accidentally dropped.

Finds Coins 1,600 Years Old.

"In one place the direction in which a caravan had moved was clearly marked by hundreds of copper coins strewn in the sandy earth. The coins had probably dropped from a load during a slight march, and had remained untouched for at least 1,600 years, as the route had since that period been wholly abandoned. Ancient armaments in the shape of bronze arrowheads, probably from some arsenal, also strewn the track in the same manner at that point.

"During another portion of his travels, Sir Aurel explored for a distance of 250 miles a further section of the ancient fortified border line by which the Chinese had endeavored to protect their westernmost marches in Kansu against Hun raids. From the ruins of watch towers found in continuous succession along the line, he recovered many numerous written records on wood dating from the first century before and after Christ.

"Sir Aurel's travels involved over 11,000 miles of marching over mountain and desert. The explorer spent some three and a half months among the mountains north of the Oxus in Russian territory, and spoke in high terms of his treatment by Col. Yagello, the commander of the Pamirs division, and of the ready assistance and high tolerance accorded him on every occasion."

ECONOMIC CONFERENCE ENDS.

Plans Adopted by Allies to Be Made Public Shortly.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN.
PARIS, June 17.—The economic conference of the Allies finished its sessions this afternoon. A series of resolutions adopted unanimously will be released for publication on June 21 simultaneously by all the allied nations. M. de Broqueville, the Belgian Prime Minister, spoke today. He said:

"We have realized fully the end established by our first conference. The present meeting, which ends provisionally today, marks the opening of a new era of union and cooperation. No body can accuse me of preparing a war program for time of peace. We are occupied in defense, not in war.

"The new union is really intended to prevent war. Since two years ago our common purpose has succeeded in organizing a force in crime. We propose to organize a force to punish the guilty and legitimately obtain peace and security for the lowest States. We have another end, hence our high tolerance and cordial good will. It is a new age of union."

President Poincaré received the delegates at the close of the session.

BRITISH PICK WAR HISTORIAN.

Hon. J. W. Fortescue, Windsor Castle Librarian, Chosen.

LONDON, June 17.—The appointment of the Hon. John William Fortescue, Librarian at Windsor Castle, to write the official history of the war was announced today.

The Hon. John William Fortescue is a brother of the present Earl Fortescue. He was appointed Librarian at Windsor Castle in 1896. He has written a number of historical books on military subjects, including a history of the British army from 1859 to 1909.

Venezuelan Cables Interrupted.

The Western Union Telegraph Company announces that the cable between Santo Domingo city and Curacao is interrupted. Messages for Curacao and Venezuela will be accepted subject to heavy delay and forwarded by boat from the Porto Rico, Santo Domingo or Maricao station to points of communication beyond and then retransmitted by wire to destination.

NORTH BEACH

BOAT FROM E. 90TH & E. 145TH STS.

Direct Trolley via Queensboro Bridge.

FREE FIREWORKS THURSDAY.

MONTENEGRO KING SAYS HIS ARMY FOUGHT TO VERY LAST

Exiled Monarch Declares Soldiers at Lovtchen Held Out
Without a Scrap of Food for Five Days
Against 400 Austrian Guns.

Special Correspondence to THE SUN.

LONDON, June 15.—The hardships undergone by the Montenegrins in their unequal struggle with the Austrians are described by King Nicholas in an interview granted to Paul de Hochet and published in the Daily Chronicle. As an instance of the situation of the Montenegrins while still continuing the struggle the King cites the defenders of Mount Lovtchen, overlooking the Gulf of Cattaro, who were under the fire of over 400 Austrian guns for five days without food.

The King is established in a small chateau at Merignac, a little more than three miles from Bordeaux, where the villagers, in whom memories of the France of old are still much alive, are intensely and admiringly curious regarding this unfortunate King of a far off nation.

Posing for Portraits.

"My first interview," the correspondent says, "was very simple and intimate. Just at this time the King was posing for two painters, both wearing decorations and very solemn. But recalling a conversation we had formerly had at Cetinje he cut the sitting short to receive me. I found him sitting in his favorite position, his chest well out, his knees apart, his fists on the arms of a chair and a Russian sabre at hand.

From the very opening words of our talk ran on the terrible events which preceded his departure into exile. He spoke slowly and in low tones, expressing himself in French with perfect ease, but as if he were overwhelmed by the visions that came back, one by one, to haunt him.

"You were with us," he said to me, "and you saw in what distress we were. At Lovtchen for five days my soldiers remained exposed to the fire of over 400 guns without even a crust of bread to eat. Then the Austrian fleet came out and rained itself where it could shell us with impunity. What could we do, abandoned thus to our own resources? Yet we covered the retreat of the two Serbian armies, and to feed them we gave up to them all that remained to us—the last potatoes, the last cattle. For firewood we had to burn our houses to the roof and the very crosses from the cemeteries. You remember those fine acacias of mine at Podgoritz? Ah, well, not one of them remains."

Blames Weak Cabinet.

"But the worst trial of all for me is that I must confess that I have on occasion been misunderstood, even by my friends. The truth is, I had a weak government, which did not second my efforts well. But these are matters that I do not wish to raise now. For the time being, there is only one thing to do: make ourselves strong. Later, we shall talk."

"In every word one felt a deep sadness, and at the same time a deep and tenacious love for his lost country and its people. The trial has aged him. I found him more light eyed than formerly and more highly colored, but his features were drawn and had no longer the same imperious assurance. In his rich Montenegrin dress, all blue and gold braided, he made a strange and grievous contrast in this framework of delicate and ancient elegance.

"I saw him again three days later. It was Saturday, May 8, St. George's Day in the Orthodox calendar, the patronal feast day of the Petrovitch dynasty. Now, for the Serb his saint's day is the one great day of the whole year. The finest lambs and sucking pigs are roasted on spits before immense braziers in the open air; there is laughing, dancing and singing. Raki and sweets are had in abundance. The arrival of a traveller or a poor man is hailed as a blessing. The very dead are invited to the feast, and flowers and incense are burned.

"I saw him again three days later. It was Saturday, May 8, St. George's Day in the Orthodox calendar, the patronal feast day of the Petrovitch dynasty. Now, for the Serb his saint's day is the one great day of the whole year. The finest lambs and sucking pigs are roasted on spits before immense braziers in the open air; there is laughing, dancing and singing. Raki and sweets are had in abundance. The arrival of a traveller or a poor man is hailed as a blessing. The very dead are invited to the feast, and flowers and incense are burned.

"I saw him again three days later. It was Saturday, May 8, St. George's Day in the Orthodox calendar, the patronal feast day of the Petrovitch dynasty. Now, for the Serb his saint's day is the one great day of the whole year. The finest lambs and sucking pigs are roasted on spits before immense braziers in the open air; there is laughing, dancing and singing. Raki and sweets are had in abundance. The arrival of a traveller or a poor man is hailed as a blessing. The very dead are invited to the feast, and flowers and incense are burned.

CHANCELLOR THREATENED.

Political Fox of Bethmann-Hollweg Asks Satisfaction.

BERLIN, June 17.—A sharp quarrel has developed between Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg and Dr. Wolfgang Kapp, when the Chancellor in the Reichstag referred to as one of the "pirates of public opinion."

The Chancellor's remark followed the publication of a pamphlet in which his policy was attacked.

In a card now issued by Dr. Kapp it is stated that he sent an agent to negotiate with a representative of the Chancellor. He received no satisfaction, however, as the Chancellor's agent said that Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg declined to make personal explanations for an action imposed on him by the duties of his office.

Dr. Kapp's agent then announced that Dr. Kapp would seek satisfaction at a time when the Chancellor was "longer under the protection of the war, his position and the muzzled press."

BRITISH DESTROYER SUNK.

Eden Wrecked in Collision—Three Officers Missing.

LONDON, June 17.—The British destroyer Eden has been sunk, and three of her officers are missing, the British press bureau announced today.

The sinking of the Eden, which took place in the English Channel, was the result of a collision last night. Thirty-one of the crew were saved.

FRANCIS JOSEPH DEAD?

Neutral Brings Strange Story Back From Vienna.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN.
LONDON, June 17.—Is Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria dead?

The People learns on the authority of a reliable neutral that the report that the Emperor is dead cannot be entirely dismissed. When travelling through southeastern Russia the neutral ascertained that the report of the monarch's death was widely believed by the leading Russians.

He was afterward in Vienna, where he witnessed demonstrations. When the crowd surged before the palace the Emperor did not step out on the balcony, but instead there was raised a chair on which he reclined, an inanimate royal figure, and though the chair was raised several times the movement of the figure could be observed. The neutral is convinced that the monarch has been dead for some time.

The Austro-German war party, he says, dread the effect that the news of his death might have on the population, used his embalmed body to continue the personal power that the Emperor alone exercised on his people.

Tanker Knocks Hole in Ship.

After the Danish oil steamer Anona dragged her anchor, off Tomlinville, Staten Island, yesterday, and bumped against the barkentine Hilda of Brazil, at first it was thought that the Hilda was not damaged very much, but about midnight the barkentine was found to be leaking from a hole in the side. The crew, manning the pumps, had hard work keeping her from sinking until she was towed to a dock for repairs.

WAR TEST OF FOOD ENERGY.

British Diets Make for Lack of Needed Stimulus.

LONDON, June 15.—The question of meals, of food generally, has perhaps never loomed quite so large in the history of nations as at the present time.

Whole Colony There.

"The whole Montenegrin colony had come from Bordeaux. There were civil servants, students, a few officers, poor refugees. Tattered garments were rubbing against official frock coats and uniforms. We were brought into the grand salon of the little chateau, a high and bright apartment with fine brown carvings on a pale blue ground sprinkled with gold. Altogether some forty of us at most were there.

"Towering over the groups with his great stature, the Iguman Ninkovitch, Superior of the Convent of Cetinje, a sanctuary of Montenegrins, proudly showed off his black soutane and crimson silk sash that were all he had succeeded in saving from the disaster. After fighting bravely against the enemy, he had doffed his uniform and resumed his garb as a priest. But he had not lost his fine serenity. And as I expressed to him the sympathy with which the misfortune to his people inspired me, a sad smile flickered across his beard and small brilliant eyes.

"To lose his motherland," he replied, "is the cruellest bitterness that can happen to a man. Serbs and Montenegrins at this moment are enduring terrible suffering. But I am used to it. I am from Herzegovina, and twice have I lost my country."

"We waited a moment or two, and the King made his entry, followed by the Queen and the two Princesses, Xenia and Vera. After the hand kissing ceremony he took his seat. The Serb Colonel attached to his person as aide-de-camp offered to him, in loud, soldierlike tones, the good wishes of the little colony of exiles. But he, plunged in thought, made no answer. At last he lit a cigarette and mastered his emotion he found speech. There was a long stop after each word.

"I feel at this moment great distress," he said. "I would have liked to receive you, you brave Montenegrins and Serbs from Bosnia and Herzegovina, to receive you as we do at home in days like this. We should be roasting lambs, and it would be a real 'slava'—Ah, well, I thank you all, Montenegrins and Serbs of Bosnia-Herzegovina, for coming to greet me in my misfortune. I have to tell you that from to-day onward we are to have a new Government. It is for us the opening of a new hope."

"That was all. His thoughts once more began to wander. Upright in her armchair, Queen Milena stared in front of her. Her face, with its simple, regular features, and her large brown eyes expressed calm decision, much kindness and an austere sense of duty done. She was a true incarnation at this moment of the Roman ideal of the wife and matron. Was she thinking, amidst those faithful few, and with the evidences of exile around her, of her scattered children, her absent sons, of her daughters, one of whom, Queen of Italy, was married to the Emperor of the French, and all three loaded with honors, but almost lost to her; and perhaps she thought of her eldest, too, the Princess Zorka, who was the wife of that unfortunate hero, King Peter of Serbia."

"The silence became gradually more oppressive, and by one we quietly withdrew. And it was the fifty-sixth anniversary of a reign we thus had just celebrated."

Reminds the Old 'Slava.'

"I am intensely interested in the Duo-Art Pianola. I am spending much time and effort with it."

"Do you know what work I was engaged in when you were admitted?" He turned and took from the top of the Pianola which stood against the wall a music-roll. As he drew it out I saw that there were cryptic blue and red pencil-marks and annotations opposite many of the perforations.

"This roll," he said, "is a very wonderful record of the Chopin Valse, Opus 42, as I played it a few days ago upon the Duo-Art Recording Piano. Placed in this reproducing Duo-Art Pianola, it duplicates my performance with remarkable precision."

"And I have been sitting here playing the roll a few bars at a time—going over it most carefully—changing here the length of a note, there the strength of a tone—an accent."

"When I first began recording for the Duo-Art, it was the reproducing of my playing that was interesting to me. Now it is the correcting—the 'working-up' of the record, so to speak. Do you see? For the first time I stand aside and impersonally listen to my own playing. I am both critic and artist. Artist, because I can build—improve on the performance."

"Never before has this been possible in the same way. It is wonderful. I am like the sculptor. He views his clay model before him. He steps forward, changes here, refines there."

WAR TEST OF FOOD ENERGY.

British Diets Make for Lack of Needed Stimulus.

LONDON, June 15.—The question of meals, of food generally, has perhaps never loomed quite so large in the history of nations as at the present time.

Whole Colony There.

"The whole Montenegrin colony had come from Bordeaux. There were civil servants, students, a few officers, poor refugees. Tattered garments were rubbing against official frock coats and uniforms. We were brought into the grand salon of the little chateau, a high and bright apartment with fine brown carvings on a pale blue ground sprinkled with gold. Altogether some forty of us at most were there.

"Towering over the groups with his great stature, the Iguman Ninkovitch, Superior of the Convent of Cetinje, a sanctuary of Montenegrins, proudly showed off his black soutane and crimson silk sash that were all he had succeeded in saving from the disaster. After fighting bravely against the enemy, he had doffed his uniform and resumed his garb as a priest. But he had not lost his fine serenity. And as I expressed to him the sympathy with which the misfortune to his people inspired me, a sad smile flickered across his beard and small brilliant eyes.

"To lose his motherland," he replied, "is the cruellest bitterness that can happen to a man. Serbs and Montenegrins at this moment are enduring terrible suffering. But I am used to it. I am from Herzegovina, and twice have I lost my country."

"We waited a moment or two, and the King made his entry, followed by the Queen and the two Princesses, Xenia and Vera. After the hand kissing ceremony he took his seat. The Serb Colonel attached to his person as aide-de-camp offered to him, in loud, soldierlike tones, the good wishes of the little colony of exiles. But he, plunged in thought, made no answer. At last he lit a cigarette and mastered his emotion he found speech. There was a long stop after each word.

"I feel at this moment great distress," he said. "I would have liked to receive you, you brave Montenegrins and Serbs from Bosnia and Herzegovina, to receive you as we do at home in days like this. We should be roasting lambs, and it would be a real 'slava'—Ah, well, I thank you all, Montenegrins and Serbs of Bosnia-Herzegovina, for coming to greet me in my misfortune. I have to tell you that from to-day onward we are to have a new Government. It is for us the opening of a new hope."

"That was all. His thoughts once more began to wander. Upright in her armchair, Queen Milena stared in front of her. Her face, with its simple, regular features, and her large brown eyes expressed calm decision, much kindness and an austere sense of duty done. She was a true incarnation at this moment of the Roman ideal of the wife and matron. Was she thinking, amidst those faithful few, and with the evidences of exile around her, of her scattered children, her absent sons, of her daughters, one of whom, Queen of Italy, was married to the Emperor of the French, and all three loaded with honors, but almost lost to her; and perhaps she thought of her eldest, too, the Princess Zorka, who was the wife of that unfortunate hero, King Peter of Serbia."

"The silence became gradually more oppressive, and by one we quietly withdrew. And it was the fifty-sixth anniversary of a reign we thus had just celebrated."

Reminds the Old 'Slava.'

"I am intensely interested in the Duo-Art Pianola. I am spending much time and effort with it."

"Do you know what work I was engaged in when you were admitted?" He turned and took from the top of the Pianola which stood against the wall a music-roll. As he drew it out I saw that there were cryptic blue and red pencil-marks and annotations opposite many of the perforations.

"This roll," he said, "is a very wonderful record of the Chopin Valse, Opus 42, as I played it a few days ago upon the Duo-Art Recording Piano. Placed in this reproducing Duo-Art Pianola, it duplicates my performance with remarkable precision."

"And I have been sitting here playing the roll a few bars at a time—going over it most carefully—changing here the length of a note, there the strength of a tone—an accent."

"When I first began recording for the Duo-Art, it was the reproducing of my playing that was interesting to me. Now it is the correcting—the 'working-up' of the record, so to speak. Do you see? For the first time I stand aside and impersonally listen to my own playing. I am both critic and artist. Artist, because I can build—improve on the performance."

"Never before has this been possible in the same way. It is wonderful. I am like the sculptor. He views his clay model before him. He steps forward, changes here, refines there."

THE NEW MUSICAL ART

An Interview with HAROLD BAUER on the DUO-ART Pianola

HAROLD BAUER stands today in the very forefront of the world's greatest pianists! But he is more than an artist. One cannot be in his presence a moment without realizing the strength, the intellect, the keen, analytical insight of the man. Bauer is a big man mentally. The world-wide preeminence he has achieved in musical art is the inevitable result of a great genius coupled with a great mind.

"It is the instrument of a new, musical art!" Mr. Bauer arose slowly from his chair as he gave this answer to a question I had put. He went on thoughtfully, choosing his words unhastily.

"I am intensely interested in the Duo-Art Pianola. I am spending much time and effort with it."

"Do you know what work I was engaged in when you were admitted?" He turned and took from the top of the Pianola which stood against the wall a music-roll. As he drew it out I saw that there were cryptic blue and red pencil-marks and annotations opposite many of the perforations.

"This roll," he said, "is a very wonderful record of the Chopin Valse, Opus 42, as I played it a few days ago upon the Duo-Art Recording Piano. Placed in this reproducing Duo-Art Pianola, it duplicates my performance with remarkable precision."

"And I have been sitting here playing the roll a few bars at a time—going over it most carefully—changing here the length of a note, there the strength of a tone—an accent."

"When I first began recording for the Duo-Art, it was the reproducing of my playing that was interesting to me. Now it is the correcting—the 'working-up' of the record, so to speak. Do you see? For the first time I stand aside and impersonally listen to my own playing. I am both critic and artist. Artist, because I can build—improve on the performance."

"Never before has this been possible in the same way. It is wonderful. I am like the sculptor. He views his clay model before him. He steps forward, changes here, refines there."

"You consider, then," I asked, "that the Duo-Art is an instrument of real and prime importance to music?"

"Unquestionably yes," he answered. "The interesting and authoritative records by all the masters of the pianoforte cannot but make it so."

"And its effect upon musical taste?"

"A magnificent one," he spoke with emphasis. "It will develop a taste for the best in music. For it provides an opportunity to hear interpretations by the great musical artists of the world—an opportunity, I say,

for the millions who live today, and the generations of the future to become intimately acquainted with the most wonderful art the pianoforte is capable of."

"I can listen to myself playing. I can hear my performance as a whole and I can repeat a single passage again and again. And I can change what I wish. I can remodel and refine."

"Do you comprehend? It is a new art. When I finally sign the record-roll, it is more than simply my playing. It is my carefully considered artistic conception of the music. As such, it is preserved—a new and wonderful form of musical creation."

He drew a tobacco-case from his pocket and rolled himself a cigarette. Bauer is a man of vigorous mental calibre and like big men in more prosaic callings, inclined strongly towards conservatism. His unexpected enthusiasm and earnestness were therefore all the more significant.

"You consider, then," I asked, "that the Duo-Art is an instrument of real and prime importance to music?"

"Unquestionably yes," he answered. "The interesting and authoritative records by all the masters of the pianoforte cannot but make it so."

"And its effect upon musical taste?"

"A magnificent one," he spoke with emphasis. "It will develop a taste for the best in music. For it provides an opportunity to hear interpretations by the great musical artists of the world—an opportunity, I say,

Mr.
Bauer
Auto-
graphing
a Duo-
Art
Record-
Roll



"The comparison is perfect. This instrument materializes the hitherto transient and intangible work of art—the pianist's performance."

"I can listen to myself playing. I can hear my performance as a whole and I can repeat a single passage again and again. And I can change what I wish. I can remodel and refine."

"Do you comprehend? It is a new art. When I finally sign the record-roll, it is more than simply my playing. It is my carefully considered artistic conception of the music. As such, it is preserved—a new and wonderful form of musical creation."

He drew a tobacco-case from his pocket and rolled himself a cigarette. Bauer is a man of vigorous mental calibre and like big men in more prosaic callings, inclined strongly towards conservatism. His unexpected enthusiasm and earnestness were therefore all the more significant.

"You consider, then," I asked, "that the Duo-Art is an instrument of real and prime importance to music?"

"Unquestionably yes," he answered. "The interesting and authoritative records by all the masters of the pianoforte cannot but make it so."

"And its effect upon musical taste?"

"A magnificent one," he spoke with emphasis. "It will develop a taste for the best in music. For it provides an opportunity to hear interpretations by the great musical artists of the world—an opportunity, I say,

for the millions who live today, and the generations of the future to become intimately acquainted with the most wonderful art the pianoforte is capable of."

"I can listen to myself playing. I can hear my performance as a whole and I can repeat a single passage again and again. And I can change what I wish. I can remodel and refine."

"Do you comprehend? It is a new art. When I finally sign the record-roll, it is more than simply my playing. It is my carefully considered artistic conception of the music. As such, it is preserved—a new and wonderful form of musical creation."

He drew a tobacco-case from his pocket and rolled himself a cigarette. Bauer is a man of vigorous mental calibre and like big men in more prosaic callings, inclined strongly towards conservatism. His unexpected enthusiasm and earnestness were therefore all the more significant.

"You consider, then," I asked, "that the Duo-Art is an instrument of real and prime importance to music?"

"Unquestionably yes," he answered. "The interesting and authoritative records by all the masters of the pianoforte cannot but make it so."

"And its effect upon musical taste?"

"A magnificent one," he spoke with emphasis. "It will develop a taste for the best in music. For it provides an opportunity to hear interpretations by the great musical artists of the world—an opportunity, I say,

for the millions who live today, and the generations of the future to become intimately acquainted with the most wonderful art the pianoforte is capable of."

"I can listen to myself playing. I can hear my performance as a whole and I can repeat a single passage again and again. And I can change what I wish. I can remodel and refine."

"Do you comprehend? It is a new art. When I finally sign the record-roll, it is more than simply my playing. It is my carefully considered artistic conception of the music. As such, it is preserved—a new and wonderful form of musical creation."

He drew a tobacco-case from his pocket and rolled himself a cigarette. Bauer is a man of vigorous mental calibre and like big men in more prosaic callings, inclined strongly towards conservatism. His unexpected enthusiasm and earnestness were therefore all the more significant.

"You consider, then," I asked, "that the Duo-Art is an instrument of real and prime importance to music?"

"Unquestionably yes," he answered. "The interesting and authoritative records by all the masters of the pianoforte cannot but make it so."

"And its effect upon musical taste?"

"A magnificent one," he spoke with emphasis. "It will develop a taste for the best in music. For it provides an opportunity to hear interpretations by the great